

CHAMBER OF
DARKNESS

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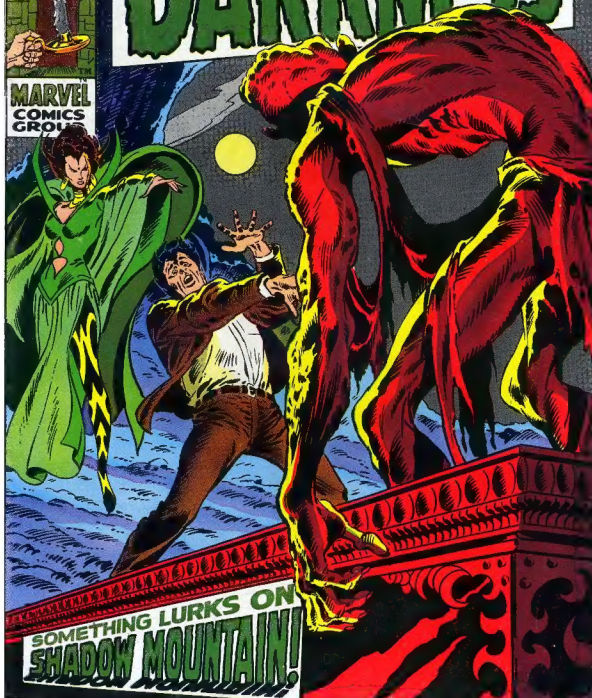
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FEB



MARVEL
COMICS
GROUP

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

CHAMBER OF DARKNESS



SOMETHING LURKS ON
SHADOW MOUNTAIN!

"WIND WHISTLED
IN FROM THE MOOR,
THAT NIGHT SEVEN
HUNDRED YEARS AGO
...A COLD, CHILLING
WIND THAT PORTENDED
THE EVIL WHICH
HUNG IN THE AIR LIKE
BILLLOWING
STORM
CLOUDS..."

"...A
WICKEDNESS
PERSONIFIED IN
THE ANCIENT FORM
OF **MOORG**
THE
WARLOCK..."

STAND YE
BACK!

I'LL NOT HAVE THY
VILE PRESENCE
THWART MY
PLANS ANEW!

'TIS ALREADY
TOO LATE FOR
PLANNING,
WIZARD!

AYE!
NOW, YE HAVE
TIME ONLY TO
DIE!

STAN LEE
EDITOR
GERARD
CONWAY
WRITER
BARRY
SMITH
ARTIST

SYD SHORES
INKER
SAM ROSEN
LETTERER

THE WARLOCK TREE!



**DIE?
NEVER!**

SEE, FOOLS?
SEE THE FUTILITY
OF DARING TO PIT YOUR
MEAGER **SWORDS**
AGAINST THE POWER
OF THE **ARCANE**
ARTS??

IF DIE HE MUST,
AT LEAST I SHALL
SEE TO IT THAT HE...



...HAS NOT DIED
IN **VAIN!**

"LIFE DRAINED FROM THE BODY OF
MOORG THE WARLOCK, BUT HIS
SPIRIT STILL BURNED WITH **HATE**.
AND HIS LAST WORDS SENT A CHILL
THROUGH TO THE **MARROW** OF THE
KNIGHT WHO HAD BROUGHT HIM
DEATH..."

I CURSE YOU,
SIR GILIARD... I
CURSE YOU AND
YOUR PROGENY
WITH FATE WORSE
THAN THE **ETERNAL**
FIRES...

...AND I CURSE
THIS INFAMOUS
TREE... AND ANY
WHOSE VERY NAME
MAY BE LINKED IN
ANY WAY
WITH IT...!

**CURSE YOU
ALL TO THE
ENDS OF...**

AAAARRRGHH!

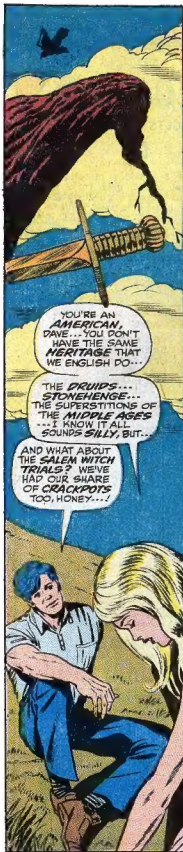


JANE BRINGS HER NARRATIVE TO A CLOSE,
AND YET... WHY DO YOU FEEL VAGUELY
UNCOMFORTABLE, PAVE? IT'S ONLY A
STORY...

...DIED ON THIS
VERY **SPOT!** THE SWORD
REMAINED IN THE TREE, AS
A **TALISMAN** TO BIND HIS
VENGEFUL SPIRIT TO THIS
ANCIENT **OAK...**

NOT VERY
LONG
AFTER, SIR
GILIARD'S
ENTIRE
FAMILY
PERISHED
IN A FLOOD
...DROWNED
LIKE
RATS!

YOU'VE GOTTA
BE **KIDDING** JANE!
YOU DON'T REALLY
BELIEVE THAT NON-
SENSE, DO YOU?



IT'S NOT THE SAME, DAVE...

...OH, I DON'T BELIEVE ALL THE TALES, BUT STILL...

I'M GOING TO SHOW UP YOUR LEGEND FOR WHAT IT IS... AND LEAVE A LITTLE MEMENTO OF OUR ENGAGEMENT!

WAIT! WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT PENKNIFE?



PLEASE, DAVE... NO! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND AT ALL!

LET'S GO HOME, DAVE... MY PARENTS WILL GET WORRIED... PLEASE, DAVE, DON'T!

YOU'RE AN AMERICAN, DAVE... YOU DON'T HAVE THE SAME HERITAGE THAT WE ENGLISH DO...

THE DRUIDS... STONEHENGE... THE SUPERSTITIONS OF THE MIDDLE AGES... I KNOW IT ALL SOUNDS SILLY, BUT...

AND WHAT ABOUT THE SALEM WITCH TRIALS? WE'VE HAD OUR SHARE OF CRACKPOTS TOO, HONEY...!

WON'T BE ABLE TO STAY OUT IN THIS RAIN, ANYWAY...

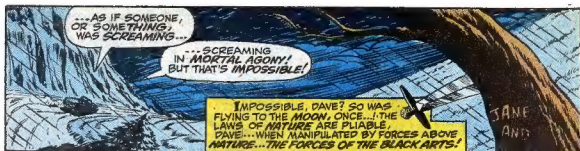
OKAY, JANE... WE'LL GO...

DAVE! WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?

I...I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT...

...BUT SUDDENLY, I GOT THE STRANGEST FEELING...

YES...?!

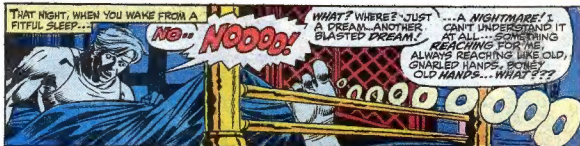


...AS IF SOMEONE,
OR SOMETHING,
WAS SCREAMING...

...SCREAMING
IN MORTAL AGONY!
BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

IMPOSSIBLE, DAVE? SO WAS
FLYING TO THE MOON, ONCE...! THE
LAWS OF NATURE ARE PLIABLE,
DAVE... WHEN MANIPULATED BY FORCES ABOVE
NATURE... THE FORCES OF THE BLACK ARTS!

JANE
AND

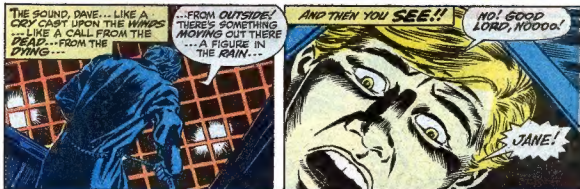


THAT NIGHT, WHEN YOU WAKE FROM A
FITFUL SLEEP...

NO!! NOOOO!!

WHAT? WHERE? JUST
A DREAM... ANOTHER
BLASTED DREAM!

...A NIGHTMARE! I
CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT
AT ALL... SOMETHING
REACHING FOR ME,
ALWAYS REACHING LIKE OLD,
GNARLED HANDS, BONEY
OLD HANDS... WHAT???



THE SOUND, DAVE... LIKE A
CRY CAST UPON THE WINDS
... LIKE A CALL FROM THE
DEAD... FROM THE
DYING...

...FROM OUTSIDE!
THERE'S SOMETHING
MOVING OUT THERE
... A FIGURE IN
THE RAIN...

AND THEN YOU SEE!!

NO! GOOD
LORD, NOOOO!

JANE!



LIKE A WISPY WRAITH IN THE NIGHT, SHE
MOVES THROUGH THE RAIN, MOVES TOWARDS
A FEAR THAT GROWS IN YOUR HEART,
TOWARDS A LEGEND FROM OUT OF A
NIGHTMARE PAST... MOVES WITHOUT HEARING
YOUR CALL, MOVES LIKE ONE IN A
TRANCE TOWARDS...

THE WARLOCK TREE!!

THE CURSE... THE CURSE MUST HAVE
BEEN TRUE! MY GOD... WHAT HAVE
I DONE?

I CARVED
HER NAME
ON THE TRUNK
OF THE
TREE!



COME TO MEEEEEE

YOU NO LONGER DOUBT
...NO LONGER SCOFF AT
THE TRUTH OF WHAT
YOU NOW BELIEVE...
YOU RUN, RUN INTO
THE STORM-SWEPT
NIGHT...

YOUR HEART POUNDS,
QUICKENED WITH FEAR...
FEAR, NOT FOR YOUR
OWN LIFE...AND YOU
RUN...

...RUN TO SAVE THE
ONE WHOSE LIFE YOU
HAVE ENDANGERED...
RUN TO SAVE THE LIFE
OF THE ONE YOU LOVE...

A STRANGE
ENCHANTMENT
IN THE AIR...

...WHAT HAVE I
DONE? WAIT...
WHAT'S THAT
OVER THERE?!

COME TO THE WARLOCK TREE

...RUN UNTIL
YOU CONFRONT
A SIGHT
THAT WOULD
DRIVE MEN
MAD!

AT LAST... AT
LAST, SOMEONE TO
FREE ME FROM THIS
CURSED TREE!

THE SWORD...
PULL THE SWORD
AND LET MY SPIRIT
LOOSE UPON THE
WORLD!

PULL THE
SWORD!

JANE!!

PULL THE SWORD!

BEFORE YOU UTTER ANOTHER WORD, THE LIVING NIGHTMARE COMES TRUE... GRASPING BRANCHES TREMBLING LIKE HUMAN HANDS TAKE YOU, LIFT YOU HIGH INTO THE AIR... GRIP YOU AS THE WIND TEARS AT THE CRUMBLING WALLS OF YOUR SANITY...

BUT WHEN SHE TURNS, HER EYES ARE BLANK, UNSEEING... YOU ARE NO MORE TO HER THAN A SHADOWY GHOST!



IGNORE THE PITIFUL FOOL... DO AS I WILL!



REMOVE THE SWORD, WOMAN... REMOVE THE SWORD AND FREE ME FROM MY AGE-OLD IMPRISONMENT WITHIN THIS ACCURSED TREE!

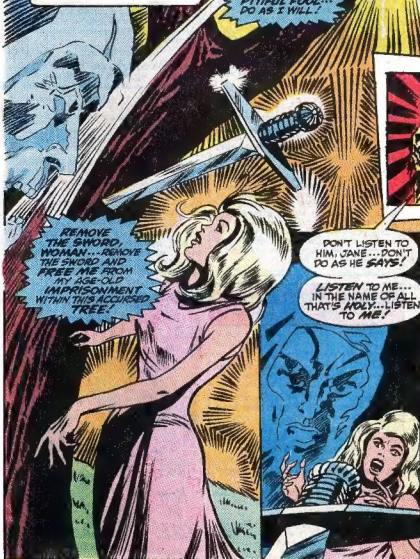
DON'T LISTEN TO HIM, JANE... DON'T DO AS HE SAYS!

LISTEN TO ME... IN THE NAME OF ALL THAT'S HOLY... LISTEN TO ME!

JANE... JANE, IF YOU EVER LOVED ME... I BEG YOU...

PULL THE SWORD, FEMALE! PULL IT!!

JANE!



WHO CAN EVER KNOW...
WHO CAN EVER GUESS
THE REASON FOR WHAT
HAPPENED NEXT...
WHETHER IT BE MERE
COINCIDENCE...

MERE COINCIDENCE
OR THE TRICKERY
OF THE FATES...



THE SMELL OF BURNING WOOD
FLOATS THROUGH THE AIR, AS THE
FLAMES FLICKER ACROSS THE
AGED OAK THAT HAS BEEN THE
WARLOCK TREE...

DAVE...THE
VOICE...THE
VOICE...
IT'S GONE!

IT'S OVER, NOW...
THE WIZARD'S
DEAD...REALLY
DEAD AT
LAST!

THE SWORD
ACTED AS A
LIGHTNING
ROD...DREW
THE BOLT
RIGHT TO
IT!

IF YOU HAD BEEN
TRYING TO PULL THE
SWORD OUT WHEN
IT HAPPENED...

I...I COULDN'T DO
IT, DAVE...SOMETHING
STOPPED ME!

THE
POWER
OF...YOUR
LOVE!

SOMETHING
STRONGER THAN
THE WIZARD'S
HATE...

ALL THE WORLD LOVES A LOVER...AS WELL AS A HAPPY ENDING!
AH, BUT WHAT'S THAT TINY, TENDER BUD THAT BLOOMS UNSEEN FROM THE
GNARLED, BURNT-OUT STUMP? COULD IT POSSIBLY BE THAT--? WELL,
WE'LL JUST HAVE TO WAIT AND SEE...WON'T WE?

'TIS TRUE THIS YOUNG FELLOW IS NERVOUS...VERY, VERY DREADFULLY NERVOUS! BUT WILL YOU SAY HE'S MAD? FOLLOW HIM...LISTEN TO HIS THOUGHTS...WATCH WHAT HE DOES-- AND DECIDE FOR YOURSELF!

THE TELL TALE HEART

BROKE...STONE
BROKE...AND
STUCK IN THIS
LIMEY BURG
WITHOUT A
FRIEND--
WITHOUT A
RELATIVE--

--EXCEPT
FOR THAT
SCROOGE
OF AN
UNCLE!

GOT NO CHOICE...
I GOTTA HIT THE
OLD CREEP FOR
SOME MONEY!

A Classic of the
Macabre by
EDGAR ALLAN POE
ADAPTED UNDER THE
SUPERVISION OF
STAN LEE

TOM PALMER & DENNY O'NEIL
Illustrated by **ARTIE SIMK**

His name is Claude Paine... he's an American stranded in England... and he's desperate--

JUST LOOKING AT THE FOSSIL GIVES ME THE WILLIES-- ESPECIALLY THAT BLASTED GLASS EYE OF HIS...

--BUT I GOT TO COME ON CHEERFUL!

HI THERE, UNCLE!

DON'T BE WASTIN' MY TIME AS YOU WASTE YOUR OWN!

YOU'VE SPENT YOUR INHERITANCE IN NIGHT CLUBS --AND YOU HAVE THE NERVE TO ASK ME FOR MORE MONEY TO SQUANDER--!

WELL, YOU'LL NOT BE GETTING IT! 'TIS HIGH TIME YOU LEARNED TO WORK!

IT'S A MERCY MY SISTER DIED BEFORE SHE COULD SEE HOW WORTHLESS HER SON GREW!

SPEAK YOUR PIECE AND GET OUT OF MY SIGHT!

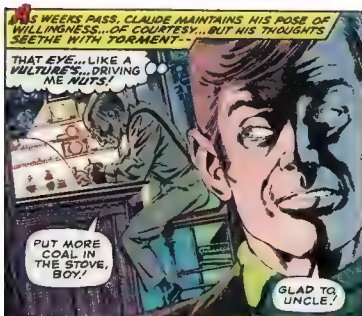
UNC, I NEED A LITTLE LOAN!

LOOK, ALL I ASK IS THE PRICE OF A TICKET BACK TO THE STATES!

YOU CAN LABOR FOR IT, THEN! I NEED HELP... I'LL PAY YOU EXACTLY WHAT YOU'RE WORTH!

IT'S NOT LIKE I GOT A LOT OF CHOICE!--OKAY, UNCLE, YOU'VE HIRED YOURSELF A LACKEY!

IMP



WEEKS PASS, CLAUDE MAINTAINS HIS POSE OF WILLINGNESS...OF COURTESY...BUT HIS THOUGHTS SEETHE WITH TORMENT--

THAT EYE...LIKE A VULTURE'S...DRIVING ME NUTS!

PUT MORE COAL IN THE STOVE, BOY!

GLAD TO, UNCLE!



GRADUALLY, THE OLD MAN COMES TO ENJOY HIS POWER OVER HIS NEPHEW... HIS DEMANDS INCREASE...HIS TEMPER CONSTANTLY RAGES--

AND CLAUDE SUFFERS PATIENTLY! HE GROWS TERRIBLY NERVOUS--OR IS IT MORE THAN NERVOUS--P



FOR ALWAYS, THERE IS THE PALE, CHINA-BLUE EYE...STARING RELENTLESSLY, BORING INTO CLAUDE'S VERY SOUL!



...NIGHT AND DAY THAT STARE--I GOT TO GET RID OF IT!

I DON'T WANT TO HURT HIM...JUST MAYBE GIVE HIM A SCARE...



FINALLY, ONE CHILL OCTOBER NIGHT...


SEE THAT YOU GET SOME SLEEP, BOY! WE'VE A LONG DAY AHEAD TOMORROW!

SURE... A REAL LONG DAY--!

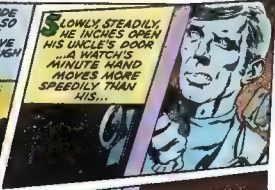
I...I CAN'T TAKE IT!--THE WAY HE STARES AT ME...MAKES MY BLOOD RUN COLD!

...SO HE'LL STOP LOOKING AT ME!

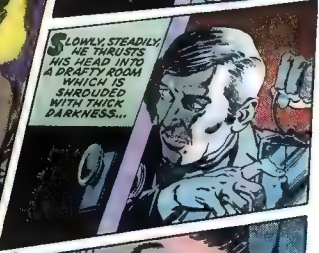
THIS OLD LANTERN...MIGHT BE EXACTLY WHAT'LL DO THE TRICK!



SILENTLY, CAUTIOUSLY, CLAUDE ASCENDS THE STAIRCASE, SO SOFTLY DOES HE TREAD THAT THE OLD HOUSE IS SILENT, SAVE FOR THE WIND MOANING THROUGH THE EAVES LIKE A SOUL IN AGONY...

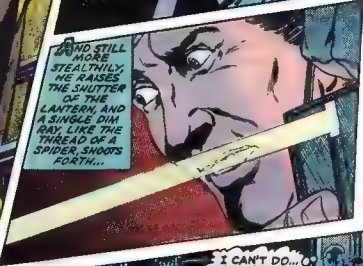


SLOWLY, STEADILY, HE INCHES OPEN HIS UNCLE'S DOOR... A WATCH'S MINUTE HAND MOVES MORE SPEEDILY THAN HIS...



SLOWLY, STEADILY, HE THRUSTS HIS HEAD INTO A DRAFTY ROOM WHICH IS SHROUDED WITH THICK DARKNESS...

THE OLD DUFFER DESERVES A FRIGHT... HE DOESN'T CARE ABOUT ME... DOESN'T DREAM THAT I HAVE FEELINGS...



AND STILL MORE STEALTHILY, HE RAISES THE SHUTTER OF THE LANTERN, AND A SINGLE DIM RAY, LIKE THE THREAD OF A SPIDER, SHOOTS FORTH...



I CAN'T DO... ANYTHING... WHILE HE'S SLEEPING!

AND FALLS UPON THAT GLAZED, INHUMAN EYE...

...AN EYE WHICH STARES UNSEEING... EVEN IN SLUMBER...!

THEN, THE OLD ONE
UTTERS A LOW MOAN--A
STIRLED SOUND THAT
ARISES FROM THE
BOTTOM OF
HIS BEING--
OR THE
DRETNOS OF
A NIGHT-
MARE--!



BA-THUMP

--AND STILL THERE
STARES THAT FILMY, ICE-
BLUE ORB; IT GLARES IN
THE
DEEP
GLOOM



BA-THUMP

...THE MOAN RISES
HIDEOUSLY!

AND CLAUDE HEARS ANOTHER
SOUND, A LOW, DULL SOUND SUCH
AS A WATCH WRAPPED IN COTTON
MIGHT MAKE; IT PRODS HIM TO
FURY...



BA-THUMP

FOR HE RECOGNIZES
IT AS THE PUMPING
OF HIS UNCLE'S HEART!



BA-THUMP

LOUDER AND LOUDER IT
BEATS...AS THE OLD MAN
AWAKES WITH A
START...



LOUDER
IT BEATS...
LOUDER...
LOUDER...!

BA-THUMP
BA-THUMP

THAT NOISE--! THAT
HORRIBLE, BEATING
HEART--! WORSE
THAN THE EYE...
WORSE THAN ANYTHING
ON EARTH OR IN HELL!

SOMEONE
WILL HEAR...
UNLESS IT
STOPS--
FOREVER!



WITH A SHRIEK
OF MINGLED FEAR
AND RAGE, CLAUDE
LEAPS INTO THE
INKY CHAMBER--

4 **FEVERISH
HOUR LATER...**

THE OLD
TIGHTWAD
WANTED ME
TO **WORK**.
WELL, I
WORKED,
ALL RIGHT...

...SO WELL
THAT
NOBODY'LL
EVER
FIND HIM!

FUNNY...
I DON'T
FEEL
GUILTY--
OR
JUMPY--

--IN FACT,
I FEEL
JUST **GREAT!**
TOMORROW
I'LL VISIT
HIS BANK!

SHOULD BE
SIMPLE TO
FORGE HIS
SIGNATURE
ON A CHECK--

--THEN IT'S
PURE **FUN**
FOR LITTLE
CLAUDEY!

R-RING!

FIRST, I THINK
I'LL GO TO
PARIS, AND...

HUH--?
SOMEBODY
AT THE
DOOR!

GOT TO
STAY
COOL...I'M
IN THE
CLEAR!

AND ISN'T
IT A BIT
LATE FOR
YOU TO
BE
AWAKE,
SIR?

I...I WAS
READING
...THE
BIBLE!

BEGON!
YOUR PARDON,
SIR! A NEIGH-
BOR REPORTED
A **SHOUT**
FROM THIS
BUILDING!

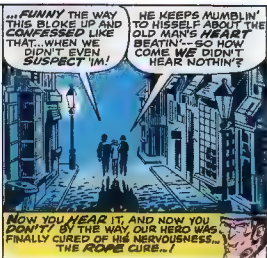
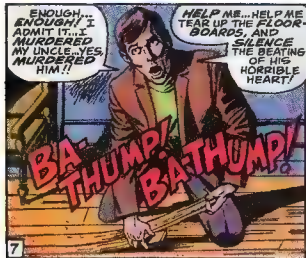
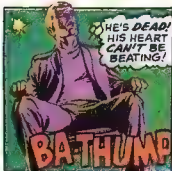
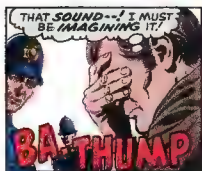
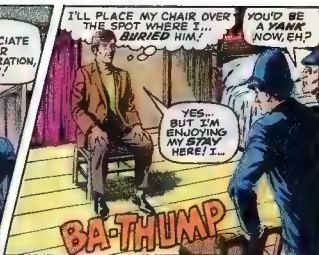
WOULD
THERE BE
ANY
TROUBLE
HERE?

THERE ISN'T
A **CHANCE**
THEY'LL FIND
UNCLE!

YOU'D BE
THE OLD
BLOKE'S
NEPHEW,
WOULDN'T
YOU?

YES...DEAR
UNCLE'S
GONE TO...
TO LONDON,
ON
BUSINESS!

NO, NOTHING
WRONG,
OFFICER!



YOU GOT UP EARLY THIS MORNING, DIDN'T YOU, GEORGE ASHTON... STRAPPED A THIRTY-POUND KNAPSACK ON YOUR BACK... ADDED A COUPLE OF FRYING PANS SO SPIC-AND-SPAN YOU COULD SEE YOUR FACE IN THEM... AND SET OUT FOR THE BECKONING, FORESTED PEAKS NEARBY! BUT, MAYBE YOU WOULDN'T STRIDE ALONG QUITE SO CONFIDENTLY, GEORGE, IF YOU KNEW WHAT WAS WAITING FOR YOU ON THOSE HALF-LIT HILLSIDES... IF YOU SUSPECTED THAT...

SOMETHING LURKS ON SHADOW MOUNTAIN!

SUN'S JUST
RISING...
NOBODY ELSE IN
TOWN UP YET...
AND THAT'S
GOOD!

I DON'T WANT
TO SEE ANYBODY
...OR TALK TO
ANYBODY...NOT AFTER
ALL THAT'S
HAPPENED!

DRUG
STORE



A SOMEWHAT SINISTER SALAD... ONE PART
NOSTALGIA AND TWO PARTS NIGHTMARE...
SUMPTUOUSLY SERVED UP BY:

STAN LEE **ROY THOMAS** **JOHN BUSCEMA**
EDITOR WRITER ARTIST

JOHN VERPOORTEN, INKER | SAM ROSEN, LETTERER

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

IT STILL HURTS, DOESN'T IT, GEORGE? BUT THEN THAT'S **UNDERSTANDABLE!** HOW MANY WEEKS HAS IT BEEN? ONLY **TWO?** BUT, IT SEEMS LIKE AN **ETERNITY...** OR PERHAPS ONLY **YESTERDAY...**!

SHE WAS SO **YOUNG... SO BEAUTIFUL!**



BUT, **DEATH** DOESN'T PAY ANY MIND TO A **LOVELY FACE...** A **LAUGHING VOICE...** OR EVEN **AGE!**

IT JUST **COMES**, LIKE A **THIEF** IN THE **NIGHT...** AND LEAVES YOU WITH **NOTHING!**

NOTHING BUT **EMPTY ARMS...** AND **BROKEN HOPES!**



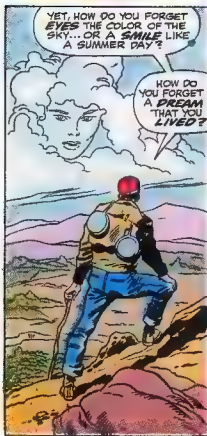
THEY SAY I SHOULD **FORGET HER...**

...AND MAYBE THEY'RE **RIGHT!**



YET, HOW DO YOU **FORGET EYES** THE **COLOR** OF THE **SKY...** OR A **SMILE** LIKE A **SUMMER DAY?**

HOW DO YOU **FORGET A DREAM** THAT YOU **LIVED?**



BUT, NO **HAUNTING ECHO** ANSWERS YOUR **QUESTIONS**, GEORGE...AND SO YOU **WANDER ONWARD, UPWARD...** SCARCELY NOTICING WHERE YOU **ARE**, UNTIL...

I'M ON... **SHADOW MOUNTAIN!**

DIDN'T **MEAN** TO **CLIMB** THIS **WAY...** 'CAUSE **NOBODY** EVER **COMES** HERE!

THERE ARE TOO **MANY LEGENDS** OF THIS **PLACE...** TOO **MANY OLD WIVES' TALES...**!



...WHICH ARE **BEST LEFT** TO **OLD WIVES**, GEORGE **ASHTON!**

SOMEONE'S **UP AHEAD...** **SPEAKING** TO ME!

BUT **WHO...?**





CAN'T **SEE** FROM HERE!
GOT TO...

GOOD LORD!
IT... IT **CAN'T** BE...

CANNOT BE **WHAT**,
GEORGE ASHTON?

A **GIRL**... DRESSED IN THE
MOST **DAZZLING** OUTFIT
I'VE EVER **SEEN**!

AND SHE
LOOKS
EXACTLY
LIKE...
HER!

WHO **ARE**
YOU? WHAT
DO YOU **WANT**
OF ME?

I DO NOT **KNOW** THE GIRL TO
WHOM YOU REFER!

I KNOW ONLY
THAT I NEED
YOUR **HELP**
... TO OPEN
THIS **BOX** FOR
ME!

WILL **YOU**
DO IT FOR
ME, PLEASE?

I... I DON'T
KNOW...! THIS
ALL SEEMS... SO
IMPOSSIBLE!

AND HOW DID
YOU KNOW MY NAME?

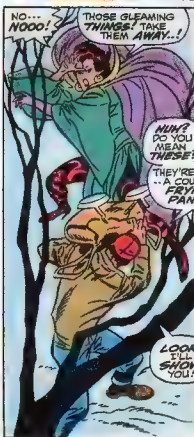


I KNOW
MANY THINGS...
BUT PLEASE, NO
MORE QUESTIONS
NOW!

WON'T YOU PLEASE
HELP ME...
IF ONLY FOR
THE SAKE OF
THE ONE YOU
CALL... "**HER**"?

WELL,
I DON'T
SUPPOSE
IT'LL
HURT
ANY!

WAIT'LL I
PUT DOWN
MY **PACK**...!



NO...
NOOO!

THOSE GLEAMING
THINGS! TAKE
THEM AWAY...!

HUH?
DO YOU
MEAN
THESE?

THEY'RE JUST
... A COUPLE OF
FRYING
PANS!

LOOK...
I'LL
SHOW
YOU!



NO... PLEASE!
YOU **MUST** TAKE
THEM AWAY...!

YOU
MUST!!



BUT, THE NIGHTMARISH FORM WHICH UNWINDS ITSELF FROM WITHIN THE COFFIN ISN'T INTERESTED IN YOU, IS HE, GEORGE?



IT MERELY LUMBERS AWAY... SLOWLY, EVER SO SLOWLY... TOWARDS THE SLEEPY VILLAGE BEYOND...



AND, AS IT DOES...



CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE





YOU **SHUDDER**, DON'T YOU, GEORGE
...AND A MILLION UNVOICED
QUESTIONS DIE A'BORNING ON YOUR
LIPS, AS A LOATHSOME, LUMBERING
SHAPE DRAWS NEAR AGAIN...



...AND SLOWLY, SILENTLY YIELDS
ITSELF ONCE MORE TO THE
WAITING **COFFIN'S** SHADOWY
EMBRACE...!



COUNTLESS QUESTIONS STILL SCALDING YOUR BRAIN, YOU **TURN**, GEORGE ASHTON...TURN AND HEAD BACK TOWARDS TOWN...AND REALITY...AND **SANITY**...

DON'T GUESS I'LL EVER KNOW JUST WHO THE ELDER GODS WERE...OR HOW PANDORA GOT TO THE STATES!

BUT, AT LEAST THE WORLD IS **SAFE**...AS LONG AS NO ONE ELSE COMES ALONG TO OPEN THE COFFIN THAT SHE'S FORBIDDEN TO UNLOCK!

AND, WHAT WITH THE LEGENDS ABOUT THIS PLACE, THERE'S NOT MUCH CHANCE OF THAT!

SOON, BACK IN THE AWAKENING TOWN...

HEY... WHAT IN...?

TRACTORS...
BULLDOZERS...
THE WORKS!

SAY, FELLA... WHY ALL THE **HEAVY HARDWARE**?

FOLKS AROUND THESE PARTS AREN'T **USED** TO SEEING SUCH STUFF ROLLING THRU TOWN!

WELL, THEY MIGHT AS WELL **GET** USED TO IT, MISTER!

CAUSE THERE'LL BE A WHOLE **CONSTRUCTION CREW** THRU HERE, COME **TOMORROW**!

WHAT'RE YOU **TALKING** ABOUT, FELLA?

HAVEN'T YOU BEEN READIN' YOUR OWN HOME-TOWN **PAPER** THE LAST TWO WEEKS?

THERE'S A WHOLE NEW **SUB-URBAN DEVELOPMENT** GOING UP NEAR HERE...A **MODEL COMMUNITY**!

WHAT? QUICK, MAN...YOU'VE GOT TO TELL ME...

WHERE IS IT GOING UP?
WHERE??

BUDDY, YOU ARE OUTTA TOUCH! I THOUGHT **EVERYBODY** IN THESE PARTS KNEW...

...WE'RE BUILDING IT UP ON...
SHADOW MOUNTAIN!

HMM... SEEMS LIKE SOME DAYS YOU CAN'T EVEN **SAVE THE WORLD** WITHOUT HAVING TO DO THE WHOLE JOB OVER AGAIN! OH WELL... AT LEAST IT'LL KEEP GEORGE OUT OF THE **POOL-HALL** FOR A WHILE... AND MAYBE WE'LL LET HIM OFF THE **HOOK** NEXT ISH! **MAYBE...**

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